

# NEWS for the YOUNG PEOPLE

## THE FATE OF SMARTY SOL-BEAR

By CALEB B. WHITFORD.

"Hello, there, little bear, you appear to be working mighty hard for your supper. Excuse me for calling you little bear, you was all humped up so catching bugs you looked like a little bear, but when you come to straighten up I see you're a middle-size bear, almost as big as I am. But tell me, what's your name?"

"My Daddy calls me Billy Bear because he says I'm always busy hunting like Old Billy the hunter was who used to live and hunt in this bottom."

"I might as well tell you my name. My Dad calls me Sol, because he says I am a very wise bear. Old Solomon, Dad says, was the wisest man in the world."

"Well, Mr. Solomon—"

"Don't call me Solomon. Call me Sol. It's more friendly like."

"All right, Sol. I was going to tell you that my Daddy is one of the wisest bears in this canebrake bottom, although he don't pretend to know very much, and he always told me not to get too friendly with bears that pretend to be so wise."

"Surely you're not afraid to have a chat with a sociable bear like me? I've seen more of the world than you have and can tell you a lot of things worth knowing. For instance, here you are working yourself almost to death to get a poor meal of bugs and nuts and berries."

"Yes, it's pretty hard work," said Billy. "But my Daddy has lived to a good old age in this bottom here, and he often told me that the only safe way is to work hard for a living."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed Sol. "You talk like a little baby bear. Why, Billy, your father is old and never learned the tricks some of us young bears have learned. If you keep on like you are doing now you'll be a poor, lean, half-starved bear working all night and never knowing what it is to have a good meal. Look at me! I'm rolling fat, and yet I don't work as hard as you do. Just feel my sides."



Thousands of Bees Were Stinging Him.

See how sleek my coat is! Do you feel that big lump in my stomach? That's a nice lamb I had for supper! When I met you I was on my way to get some honey. I always like to have something sweet after I have eaten a big meal."

"Honey! Honey!" said Billy. "I often heard my old Daddy talk about eating honey. Can I go with you and get a taste of honey? I never ate any in all my life."

"Come along with me, and on our way I'll tell you all about it."

So the two bears walked leisurely along through the bottom, and out into the big woods on the higher ground.

"I told you," said Sol, "I was a wise bear. I work with my head, thinking about schemes to get a good living without much labor."

"When I am out in the woods and see a little bee flying along as fast as he can go on a straight line, I know he is going home with a load of honey. I get his course and follow along after him. Pretty soon another bee will come flying along in the same direction, going home with his load of honey, and so I keep following the bees until I come to the honey tree where the bees live. This tree we are going to now I found yesterday while I was taking a little walk through the woods."

By this time they had come to the honey tree and Sol pointed it out to Billy.

"Do you see that big hole away up by that big limb?" said Sol. "That's where the bees live. There is a lot of honey in that old hollow tree, and we'll eat just all we want of it."

"I'll go up and pull the big chunks of honeycomb, filled with honey, out of the tree and throw it down to the ground. While I'm doing that you can keep watch." And Sol strutted off to the tree, put his arms around the trunk and pretended he was trying to climb up and get the honey.

"My! My!—I am getting so fat, and I've eaten so much I'm afraid I can't climb that tree tonight."

"I'll go up there," said Billy. "That's easy for me."

And Sol put his paw to his mouth and chuckled, because he never had any notion of going up that tree.

"Just put your paw in the hole, Billy, pull out the honeycomb and then come down and have the sweetest supper you ever had in your life."

Billy was up to the hole in a few moments, peering in and licking his chops.

Sol sat back in the bushes laughing. He laughed so hard the tears came to his eyes. Just as he looked up, Billy put his paw in the hole and pulled out a great chunk of honey. At the same time poor Billy put up the awful howl ever heard from a bear! Thousands of bees were all over him, peppering him with their sharp little stings! When he opened his mouth to say "Oof! oof!" the bees stung him on the tongue.

All this time he was backing down the tree as fast as he could, and all the time the busy little bees were stinging him with their little stingers that were as hot as fire. Billy uttered every sort of growl and scream and snarl that a bear ever thought of, while he was hurrying down the tree and finally tumbled to the ground with a hard bump. He pawed the air and jumped about, shaking his head and howling, all to no purpose. Then he started to run. He went through the woods rolling like a big black ball, and he never stopped running and screaming until he got to the river.

In he plunged and under the water he went! After a while he came out, puffing and tried to find a soft place on the bank where he could lie down and rest. But no matter what side he tried to lie on there were a lot of sore spots. So he concluded to stand up and rest.

He certainly was a poor, dejected-looking bear. His lips were badly swollen, one eye was closed and the other half shut. All over his body were sore spots that felt as though they had been made of hundreds of sharp wires. All this time Sol was filling himself with the delicious honey that Billy had thrown to the ground.

"It's too bad," he said, "to laugh at that Billy Bear, but I can't help it, it was so funny. Anyway, just to show him I am not altogether bad, I'll take a nice chunk of this honeycomb and go and find him."

And what a woe-begone-looking bear he saw when he came upon Billy! He tried to sympathize with the poor afflicted bear and explain how sorry he was to have permitted an inexperienced friend to tackle such a difficult job.

"Next time I'll show you how to do it without getting you into such trouble," he said.

"Never mind," said Billy, "there'll be no next time. When I want to learn how to get honey out of a tree, I'll have my good old Daddy show me."

"Here's a nice chunk of honey I've brought you," said Sol, "eat that and you'll feel better."

"No, thank you, Mr. Solomon. You eat your honey, I'll go back to my old job hunting bugs and nuts and berries. Maybe this kind of food isn't as sweet or as fattening as your lamb and honey, but there are no stings in it."

And Billy started off for home and Sol went along with him for a short distance.

"I declare," said Sol, "I am so fat and full of good things it really tires me to walk, so I'll just bid you good night and hunt up a nice bed here in the canebrake."

Billy didn't even say good-night, but kept on until he got home.

Old Daddy bear did not scold him, just laughed at him.

"Maybe," said he, "some of these smart young bears have got a way of living without work. But I notice all the bears in this bottom that live to a good old age, go right along, tending to their own business like a bear ought to do, and the smart—"

"Listen! I hear the hounds! Let's cut across the fringe of cane and get on the other side of the river! It's a good thing we are not too fat, and can outrun the hounds!"

On came the hounds through the woods at full cry and at a fast pace! Crossing the river, old Daddy bear and Billy Bear took a seat on a piece of high ground.

"The hounds are driving down the bottom," said Daddy Bear, "and from this place we can see them pass and then we can go on back home."

"There comes a bear down the bottom! And the hounds are pretty close to him! My, but he is a fat sleek bear!"

"Why, Daddy, that's my friend the wise bear!"

"Well, it's good-bye to him, for I can see by the way that he is rolling he can't go much further! Here come the hounds and there are the hunters right behind the pack, riding at top speed!"

"Too bad," said Billy, "I'll warrant that bear wishes he didn't have so much honey in his stomach! and if that lamb he had for supper was back in the pasture he might run away from the hounds!"

"He's done for," said Daddy Bear. "The hounds have him at bay! No more lamb and honey for him! He's just about got time to wish he had stuck to the honest bear's business of hunting lugs and nuts and berries!"

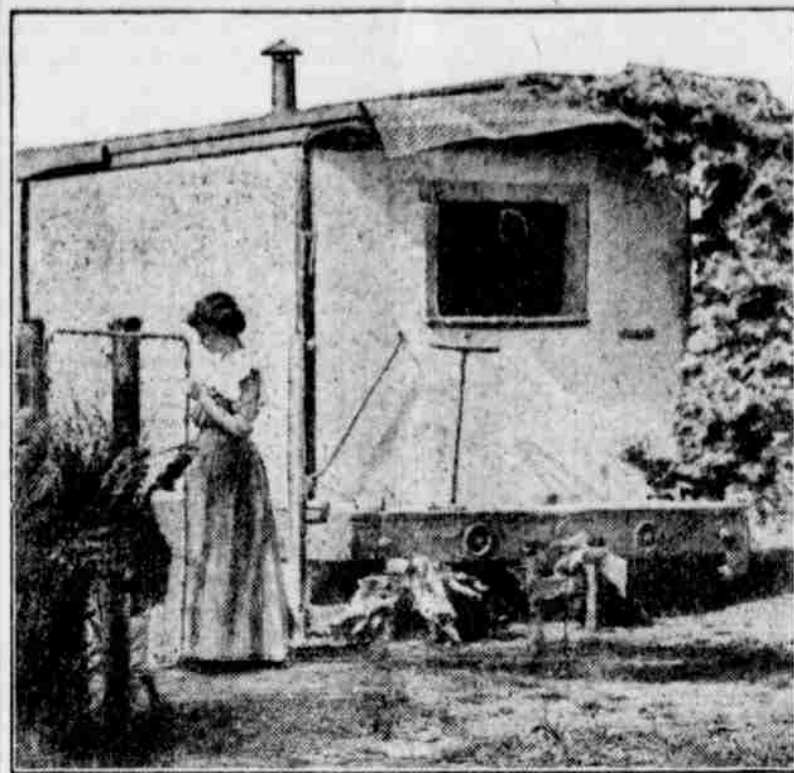
Hang! bang! went the hunter's rifle.

"There goes another bear," said old Daddy Bear, "that thought he could make an easy living by fooling other bears and practicing all sorts of cunning tricks."

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## FACTORS WHICH DETERMINE AMOUNT OF CAPITAL REQUIRED FOR BEGINNING FARM.

Important Item of Expense Is Saved if Land Is New and Rich, Thereby Saving Cost of Fertilization—More Money Is Needed in Irrigation Sections of West Than Elsewhere.



The first home of a young Chicago mechanic who took his bride to a western new farm was an abandoned freight car. Fifty dollars made it not only habitable but comfortable and this plucky young couple lived in it for two years while getting a start. The third year they built a house that cost \$1,000, much of the work being done by their own hands.

No man who is without experience as a farmer could possibly make a success of farming as a business from the beginning; but if a man is a student and is willing to undergo some privation at the beginning there is a chance for him to succeed if he has the necessary capital.

Much will depend upon the amount of risk the farmer is willing to take. Generally speaking, where land prices are normal, a full equipment just about equals the full value of the land. One can usually get hold of a piece of land by paying about one-fourth of the purchase price in cash and giving his notes for the balance on the land for security. Hence, speaking in a general way, the amount of capital required as a minimum for a fully equipped farm would be about one and a fourth times the cost price of the land. This would involve going in debt an amount equal to about three-fourths the cost of the land. In these figures I am assuming that land for trucking and fruit growing will cost \$100 an acre, land for dairying \$50, and for hay growing \$20 per acre. The differences in the price of land here assumed for the different types of farming will be considered in the article dealing with the best location for the beginner.

In the irrigated regions of the west, generally speaking, more capital is required for beginning than elsewhere on account of the high cost of the land, but where there is plenty of irrigation water available the yields to be obtained can generally be made to compensate for the higher land values.

The farmer whose family is able to do all the labor on the farm can begin with less capital than the individual who must hire a large part of his labor. Again, something depends upon the character of the land itself. If the soil is new and rich there will be little or no expense for fertilization at the beginning, and an important item of expense is thus saved; but if the land has been farmed for many years and is in a condition that requires immediate fertilization in order to secure profitable yields, considerable investment must be made in fertilizers or manure before crops can be obtained. Some men have started in to farming with practically no capital.

## PROPAGATION OF CURRANT BUSHES

Frequent Shallow Cultivation Should Be Given in Early Part of Season.

Currants should be propagated by division of the plant. Where only a few bushes are wanted they may be obtained by separating rooted canes from the mother-plant, but in nursery-culture plants are propagated by cuttings in the fall. They are made about 8 inches long and may be set out in rows at once, or tied up in bundles and stored in a pit over winter. Make the pit in well-drained soil, with the butt ends up, and covered about 6 inches deep with earth. Set out in the spring as early as the ground can be worked. The rows should be 6 feet apart, and the plants 4 feet distant in the rows. Frequent shallow culture should be given during the early part of the season. Your state experiment station at Amherst, Mass., will, no doubt, be pleased to send you a bulletin showing their reports on growing currants and gooseberries in your section of the country, if you write and ask for it.

**Buying More Land.**  
Farmers should not buy more land until that which they already have is producing to its maximum capacity.

but this is a dangerous thing to do. Others will require the full amount necessary to buy the land and to properly equip and stock it and two or three years' living expenses in addition.

The largest item of capital is, of course, the land itself. A few years ago land could be obtained by homestead at very little expense. It must now be purchased. There are a few localities in the United States, mostly in the south, where farm land can be purchased for \$10 to \$20 per acre. Usually, however, this land is held in large tracts, which when cut up into small tracts sells readily at \$40 to \$50 per acre. Prices range all the way from those above mentioned to \$3,000 an acre for some of the best fruit farms well set to bearing trees in some of the irrigated regions of the west. Generally speaking, the small farm should be near a city, and for that reason will usually consist of high priced land.

In farming more than any other business the amount of capital required at the start depends upon the degree to which the individual is capable of leading the strenuous life. The city family who moves to the country with small capital usually becomes very much discouraged before success rewards their efforts, because they are not used to such conditions.

In the matter of the dwelling house one may be content to camp for a year or two in a shack costing not over \$150. A fairly good house for a small family on the farm can be built at a cost of from \$500 to \$1,000, depending on the size of the family and the cost of materials. This assumes, however, that the farmer himself does the hauling and a good part of the carpenter work. Where the farmer can do all the work himself the materials for a very good house need not cost over \$500.

It is easily seen that with the price of land varying as it does it is not possible to state a definite sum as the safe limit of capital with which a family may begin upon the farm, but in the next article some details will be given which ought to enable the individual to determine the amount of capital with which he can safely begin the business.

## SKIMMILK IS GOOD FOR THE CHICKENS

Makes One of Best Foods for the Little Chicks and for the Laying Hens.

Skim milk is one of the very best feeds for both young chickens and laying hens. The casein, or curdy part of the milk, largely supplies the protein necessary for laying hens, while for fattening fowls there is nothing superior to milk for making white, juicy, delicate flesh. The milk may be fed either sweet or sour and may be given as a drink or mixed with wheat bran and oatmeal, or both.

Sour skim milk, or buttermilk, fed to hens confined in yard or small range, keeps them in health. The acid of the milk supplies the lack of vegetable acid they would pick up if on grass pasture—the buttermilk aids digestion.

Poultrymen near the wholesale city milk men and creameries can often buy the sour milk for ten cents per gallon. At this price it is a cheap food.

**Loss by Bugs.**  
As nearly as can be figured out the chinch bug causes a loss to the farmers of the United States \$60,000,000 a year, and the Hessian fly about half as much.

## KEEPING LOVE ALIVE

Parable of the "Withered Hand" Has a Clear Meaning for All Thinking Christians.

All miracles of our Lord are supposed to be analogous works which can be wrought in the soul. "But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power" to heal and emancipate the spirit he restored a paralyzed boy to freedom. He drove the palsy out of the soul. He could impart the same strength and buoyancy and agility to the one as he had given to the other. And so it is with all the miracles of our Lord: they are types of the "greater things than these" which he can work among the secret needs of the spirit. There was a man with the withered hand. A legend comes along the centuries that he was a bricklayer, an ordinary workingman who had been reduced to impotency by the loss of the member he needed most. But his calamity had not embittered him or made him spiritually insensitive. He was found in the synagogue seeking communion with God. And there the Master met him and restored to life his withered limb, and he was whole again.

Now there are withered faculties of the soul. There are spiritual members that can become dry and impotent. There are mysterious hands which can lose their grip and even their power to apprehend the heights. And a diseased faculty can impair the strength of the entire life. It can check our spiritual progress, and impair the vigor of moral aspiration and service.

The faculty of love can be a withered hand. It can shrivel away until it has no strength, no reach, no hold. It is sometimes said that money can unlock any door. The statement is the merest nonsense. There are treasure houses, the most real and the best, that money can never touch. Love is the great "open sesame." A man with a fine love burns his way like fervent iron through ice. He pierces through every difficulty, and nothing is allowed to obstruct his way. "Love never faileth." But when the love itself begins to wither, like a limb that shrivels through lack of vitality, life is comparatively impotent. And how frequently we see this spiritual tragedy! "I have something against thee, thou hast lost thy first love." It is the disease of the withered hand. Something has happened at the very fountain of vitality, and love sickens and dies.

**"Live" or "Dead" Conscience.**

The conscience can be a withered hand. A live conscience gives a man a fine, nervous, sensitive, "feeling" touch of the mind of God. It gives a man a discerning apprehension of right and wrong. When the feeling is really sensitive, what confidence it imparts to life's movements, what firmness, what motion, what decision! But the conscience can be benumbed. It can become as unresponsive as a paralyzed hand. Common experience affords abundant illustration. There are many people who were once endowed with a scrupulous moral sense, and in some way or other it has lost its exquisiteness, and they no longer finely realize the will of God. The withering is made manifest in apparently small disloyalties. We do not sustain the sense of honor in the full round of common life. I have known people deface other people's property by writing scriptural texts upon it! They have a sensitive desire to serve the Lord, but their honor is not keen enough to make them respect the common rights of their fellows.

The will may be like a withered hand. What a strong, pushful, resourceful hand it is when it is endowed with healthy vitality! But when it withers everything is touched with irresolution and hesitancy. Nothing is initiated with power. Nothing is addressed with persistence. Nothing is accomplished with decision. A feeble will makes all life's doings anemic. Everything is languid, from the sickly promise to the imperfect achievement.

**Bring All to God.**

What can we do with all or any of these faculties of the soul? We have only one resource. We can bring them to him who made them, and who can remake them by the power of his grace. But we must bring them deliberately, naming the withered member in the presence of our Lord. We must bring them submissively, laying aside all presumption and pride. We must bring them obediently, ready and willing to carry out the King's decrees. If he orders us to attempt the impossible we must attempt it. "Stretch forth thy hand!" The man might have replied, "Master, that is just what I cannot do!" "Stretch forth thy hand," and the attempt being made the needful power was found, and the man was made whole. So must I bring my withered love to him, and if need be I must "stretch it forth" in effort and service. If he bid me I must act as though I have a healthy love and in the very effort I shall find I have received it. I must bring my withered hope to him. At his command I must stretch it forth. I must act as a hopeful man, and I shall find that the gracious light is restored. The Savior's power goes with the Savior's demand. The Savior's power is relieved in human obedience.—Rev. J. H. Jowett, D. D.

**Faith.**  
Man is more than mere intellect. He is a soul, and faith is more necessary to his life than brains.—Rev. E. P. Barry, Congregationalist, Springfield, Mass.

## TEMPERANCE NOTES

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

### MAN'S RECKONING WITH RUM

Made a Beast of Him Instead of a Gentleman—Acted Like a Fool and Talked Like an Idiot.

A thick-set, ugly-looking fellow was seated on a bench in the public park and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

"You seem to be much interested in your writing," I said.

"Yes; I've been figuring my accounts with old Alcohol, to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I suppose?"

"Every time."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"

"That's what I've been writing. You see, he promised to make a man of me, but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he made me go staggering around and then threw me in the ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends and be the laughing stock of my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had and left me 'sick as a dog.'"

"Of course."

"He said he would warm me up, and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves, but instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me great strength, and he made me helpless."

"To be sure."

"He promised me courage."

"Then what followed?"

"Then he made me a coward, for I beat my sick wife and kicked my little sick child. He said he would brighten my wits, but instead he made me act like a fool and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me, but he made me a tramp."

### ORDERS BAR LIQUOR DEALER

Many Fraternal Societies and Labor Organizations Keep Out Man Who Sells Whisky.

No liquor dealer is eligible to membership in the following orders and fraternities:

Ancient Order of United Workmen, Knights of Macabees, Tribe of Ben Hur, American Legion of Honor, Fraternal Mystic Circle, Independent Order of Foresters, Supreme Council of the Catholic Benevolent Legion, Sovereign Camp of Woodmen of the World, Modern Woodmen of America, Junior Order of United American Mechanics, Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Catholic Fraternal Union of America, Fraternal Brotherhood, National Union, Protected Home Circle, Heptasoph's Improved Order, Royal League, Yeomen of America, Woodmen of the World, Brotherhood of American Yeomen, Order of the Star of Bethlehem. Freemasons also generally exclude liquor sellers. Various railway orders and many other labor fraternities bar liquor drinkers also.

What about the man who becomes a party to the liquor business by licensing the same—the man whose vote sustains and perpetuates it? The traffic has government sanction—is protected by the flag—is it consistent for any fraternity to discriminate against the liquor seller?

**End the Same.**

A man, haggard, wretched, with handcuffs on his wrists, cowering in a patrol wagon among degraded fellow-prisoners, looked up as the wagon passed the famous hotel whose gilded youth of the town. "That," he said, in a tone as if going back over all his life to the time when his own downfall began, "that is where I took my first drink."

A battered tramp beside him laughed hoarsely. "I took mine in a speakeasy," he said. "We didn't start alike, but when we get to our last drink it'll be all the same—cheap whisky and the gutter and the morgue for both of us."

### Drunkenness in Ireland.

According to a return just issued drunkenness continues to supply a large proportion of the Irish prison population, the number of commitments during 1911, for drunkenness or riotous or disorderly behavior while drunk being 9,258, or 40 per cent. of the total number for convicted prisoners committed to prison.

### Facts About London.

Canon Horsley gives the following facts about the great city: In London each day 24 are injured by street traffic; 34 babies die; 79 stray dogs taken by the police; 105 marriage take place; 130 are sent to prison; 190 die; 325 are born; 560 homeless go into casual wards; 610 go into hospital; 34,000 are in the workhouses; 4,000,000 travel in London; £4,000 spent daily on workhouses; £20,000 spent in theaters, music halls, etc.; £32,000 given to charity.